

Why the Community Chest Deserves Your Support

During the past 12 months 156,369 persons received benefits in some form or another from the philanthropies and welfare agencies supported by the Community Chest. Every man, woman and child residing in Rochester was indirectly benefited.

Four public hospitals gave 228,412 days care to 19,346 patients, 12,202 AT LESS THAN COST OF TREATMENT AND 2,766 ABSOLUTELY FREE. They also gave 19,249 treatments to 10,548 patients in the free dispensaries. Nurses made 6,893 visits to homes.

Other agencies cared for 22,130 sick persons; nurses made 47,407 visits to homes.

Six family relief agencies gave material relief to 13,408 persons, including 2,973 families; aided 1,253 new families and 5,984 individuals. Kind of relief—cash, \$79,991.49; for rent, \$49,688.29; for fuel, \$8,516.02; for food, \$49,688.29; pieces of clothing, 5,403; pieces of footwear, 1,350; quarts of milk, 151,980; grocery orders, 4,307.

Orphanages and children's agencies cared for 1,986 orphan, neglected and needy children.

Five homes for the aged gave 151,235 days care to 444 homeless and dependent aged men and women.

88,038 persons participated in the various social, recreational and educational activities of the character-building and recreational organizations

913 persons were given protection, assistance and advice by agencies engaged in protective work.

The Community Chest means a "square deal" to all of the above organizations.

It insures that all of them will receive enough money to operate at maximum efficiency, without want and without waste.

It means that the operation of hospitals, orphanages, social settlements, dispensaries and relief and welfare agencies will be conducted upon a clean-cut business basis.

It means the elimination of numerous expensive money-raising campaigns. Once a year, but enough for all! One campaign, instead of many campaigns, tag days and ticket sales! One week, instead of every week! It saves you time and money. Fill the Community Chest once a year, and that ends it.

It means that you know where your dollars go. The reputation and honor of the men behind the Chest are your guarantee that every cent of your contribution will go where you want it to go.

As a reputable average citizen you realize that Rochester's unfortunates must be properly cared for, fed, given medical attention and started on the road toward self-respect and usefulness. You realize that disease, want, suffering, delinquency and the grim spectres of misfortune and weakness must be banished—as nearly as may be—from the city.

The Community Chest does this for Rochester in the best, the most business-like, economical, efficient and fairest way—without regard to race, creed or color—and it gives all an opportunity to help.

Rochester Community Chest.

Suppose Nobody Cared?

CAMILLA

By MOLLIE MATHER.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union)

This is the story of a model sort of Cinderella and her step-sisters. There is not a doubt that Camilla was so sweetly charming that the step-sisters above mentioned had little chance of attention while in her company; masculine attention especially. Not that Camilla put herself forward in any way, or tried for the admiration that was invariably hers. Rather, it came to her naturally, as one tends to inhale the fragrance of a flower—which was, after all, Camilla's secret. Her very personality was all fragrant with unselfishness and charity and friendliness toward others; you felt this instinctively as you talked to her or looked into her crystal clear eyes. And if you were a man, weary of pretense perhaps, or too much insincere coquetry, you appreciated Camilla's truth, when you met her. But the step-sisters could not understand.

Camilla's mother had died when she was born, which had in a measure placed her under her sister's control. However, as time passed and the Thornton finances dwindled, Camilla, who had not been fitted either by relationship or advantage for the social life that Grace and Gwendolen enjoyed—took up cheerfully the necessary tasks of the household and fell heir to garments discarded by Grace and Gwendolen, and more than the driven father's purse could manage. Camilla secretly and laughingly assured him that she didn't mind a bit.

As Grace was taller than she, and Gwendolen fatter than she there was always material enough in the castoff dresses to insure remodeling. And Camilla was very clever in the remodeling, so much so, that the sisters gazing in wonder at the disappearance of faded blue and gold or pearls of dainty pink and lavender, would forbid emphatically the young girl's presence at parties.

"We're sorry, Camilla," Grace would remark decidedly, "and probably your own time will come later. But just now you must not reflect upon our hard-earned position by appearing in that very apparent make-over affair. You will oblige us in this will you not?"

And again, Camilla did not mind. In fact her sister's impressive language never failed in its purpose of inducing her with that same idea of superiority to which she had been raised. After all, what did she want with their high flown company? she would sneak off gleefully together to a hammock far back in the garden. And sometimes, to sit on the grass beside the hammock, came the man from next door.

He was a serious, humorous, interesting sort of man this, who had moved there in order to complete the writing of his great book. Father told her this, on one of their happy talking-things-over-together evenings. And the man was great, too, father said. Though still young, his name was known across the country, because of his last success.

Camilla was joyously excited about it. She told the man, as he, and father and she, sat out under the starry trees together, how very glad she was that his earnest labor had won success. And the man was pleased and gratified that she recognized the element of labor.

"Most people," he told her smiling, "regard literary success as mere lucky chance."

And as the evening hours beneath the trees grew into regular and expected meetings, the man of letters looked forward gratefully to the restful and inspiring, while Camilla, listening to the music that came from her household, felt no envy or desire for might beyond her own small world.

The sisters were giving a tea one afternoon; they told her about it. Tables were to be laid in the lovely old garden. A celebrity was coming whose presence was always difficult of attainment. The celebrity positively refused to be lionized, so they had gained his consent by the assurance that the tea was merely a family affair. They were, therefore, too busy to be curious, when Camilla informed them that she was going that afternoon for a drive.

"Leave everything ready before you go," Gwendolen admonished, "and have flowers on all the tables."

"And Camilla," Grace reminded her, "if you come back before six, do not pass through the garden; your old straw hat is too shabby for public display. Later, you may have mine."

It took painstaking planning after that for Camilla to fashion a lace picture hat, out of Gwendolen's old lace waist, but the hat was a delightful success, with a golden rose that Grace had discarded for garnishment.

You see, Camilla had to come into the garden. In fact it was necessary that there she should be the very center of observation.

Clyde Hammetton had insisted that upon their return from the drive their engagement should be announced. And Clyde happened to be the celebrity whom her sisters were so triumphantly entertaining. And what father had confided beneath the trees was quite true; his name was really known across the world.

Camilla was very happy. "But then," she radiantly told her lover, "this always has been a beautiful world."

NEEDS TOO MUCH EXERTION

Writer Refuses to Go Too Deeply Into What Might Be Called "I and Me" Problem.

The line, "Look what I done for you and him and me," is good American, but better American, I believe, would be, "Look what I done for him and you and I." This, however, writes Ring Lardner in the Bookman, brings up a subject to which one ought to be able to devote a whole volume, but one ain't goin' to. One is only goin' to state that mysterious rules govern the cases of personal pronouns in our language and one hasn't had time to solve the mysteries even since prohibition.

We say, "He come up to me in the club," but we also say, "He come up to Charley and I in the club," or even "He come up to I and Charley in the club." Charley's presence in the club seems, for "some reason or another," to alter my case. The other night I was reading a play script by one of this country's foremost dramatists; and recurring in it was the stage direction, "A look passes between he and So-and-So." But this playwright wouldn't think of saying or writing, "She passed he a look."

My theory on this particular point is that when the common American citizen, whom we will call Joe, was in his last year in school (the sixth grade), the teacher asked him how many boys there were in his family. He replied: "Just Frank and me." "Just Frank and I," corrected the teacher. And the correction got Joe balled up.

NO CHANCE FOR COLLECTORS

Steins Now Valuable Only as Mementoes Are Kept Securely Chained to the Wall

Beer steins, wine glasses and bar towels are rapidly joining the dust-covered and mildewed relics of the days that preceded January 16, 1920, when the prohibition law went into effect.

As the saloons become scarcer, bar-room paraphernalia, from a relic collector's viewpoint, become more valuable. One restaurant in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn is taking no chances on losing its mementoes of the past days. The stained glass windows of the old saloon remain, but the bar has been removed to make way for the tables of the new restaurant. In the redecorated establishment a shelf runs entirely around the room. All along the shelf are exquisite old German beer steins, relics of former days and more valuable now as mementoes. Passing through the handle of each stein is a chain, which is nailed to the wall. Unscrupulous souvenir hunters, waiting until the waiter's back is turned, find their designs foiled. What the old bar has left of the old regime it purposes to keep.—New York Sun.

Sleepy Sickness.

Sleepy sickness is quite a different disease from the somewhat similarly named, but far more deadly, sleeping sickness, which is a tropical disease. Sleepy sickness was first noticed in England in 1818. There is little doubt that the cause of this mysterious complaint is a microbe. The microbes concentrate their attack on the brain, causing lethargy and facial paralysis, the patient lying for days in bed with motionless head and expressionless face, like a mask, reminding one of the effigy on a tomb. Doctors are not yet definitely agreed as to whether the hiccup epidemic and the sleepy sickness are different diseases, or whether the one is merely a symptom of the other. Probably the latter view is the correct one, seeing that violent and prolonged hiccups were noticed in connection with the outbreak of sleepy sickness that ravaged Vienna in the early part of last year.

French Children Make Toys.

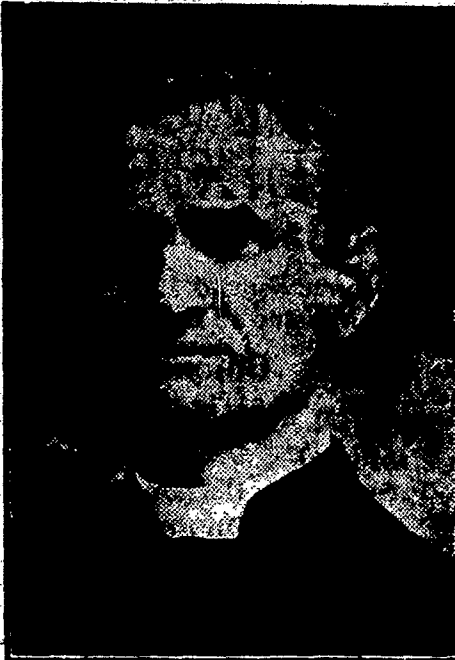
One of the most interesting toy manufacturing of France is not a factory at all, but a communal school in Paris, directed by an amateur designer, who during the war interested the children in the making of toys after his own designs, which were so original that there was an immediate demand for them. Furthermore, the children who were making the toys became so much interested in the work that a large sum was realized, part of which was turned into the treasury of the institution, but a part was spent in giving the workers some diversion. The business is to be continued on a larger scale than ever before.

Sun's Glow Changes in Shape.

The Gegenchein, the mysterious midnight glow in the sky opposite the sun, is not constant in form. Prof. E. E. Barnard finds that in early autumn it appears as a roundish diffused mass of noticeable light, sometimes 40 degrees or 50 degrees or even more in diameter. At no other point in its path is it so large. But in October it becomes smaller and elongated, a change believed to be due to the mingling of its light with that of an auroral band reaching it at this season of the year.

Fire Water.

"Fire water was the ruination of the noble red man." "Yes," replied Uncle Bill Bottletop. "I never believed Injuns was as robust as they've been represented. If they had tried the kind of licker now circulated surreptitiously the noble red man would have disappeared in less than six weeks."



Rev. Joseph Van der Heyden

The Rev. Joseph Van der Heyden, priest and author, whose special articles from Louvain, Belgium, are a feature of the N. C. W. C. News Service, not only has an unusual literary equipment, but possesses a thorough knowledge of American conditions gained from eleven years of service in this country.

He was born March 2, 1866, at Epen-Wittem, Dutch Limburg. After making his classical studies at Rennaux and at the Petit Seminaire, St. Trond, Belgium, he prepared for the American missions at the College of the Immaculate Conception Louvain. Ordained in 1888, he sailed for America on September 13 of that year and arrived at Boise City, Idaho, on October 10. He was assigned to take charge of St. John's pro-cathedral parish and of the missions in four contiguous counties. In 1895 the formation of a blood clot in the right leg induced gangrene and it became necessary to amputate the limb.

Incubated for missionary work, Father Van der Heyden retained the chaplaincy of the Academy and of the Hospital of the Sisters of the Holy Cross at Boise. In recognition of his services the bishop also named him diocesan chancellor. He now found time to devote to writing and became a regular correspondent of *The Catholic Herald* of Portland, Ore., and of several Belgian newspapers. When in 1899 he returned to Louvain as chaplain of the Franciscan Sisters, he continued to write for *The Herald*. In 1904 he became editor and manager of *The American College Bulletin*, and later a contributor to *America*, *The Idaho Daily Statesman*, *The Daily American Tribune* and *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society*. He is the author of several historical works.

O'Connell's Millinery

made to order hats, copies of late models, also hats remodeled and trimmed in the latest styles at very low prices.

Open Evenings until nine
477 Monroe Ave.
near Meigs St.
Phone Chase 1877-W

Main 2007 FOR THE Glen. 362

BABIES and GROWNUPS PURE MILK
Clarified and Pasteurized MILK and CREAM
Consolidated Milk Co.
Inc.
45 Fulton Avenue
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

HOME PHONE ST. 437 A. H. MILLER Prop.

Wilber Auto Supply Company
Goodyear Tires National Tires
Goodyear Service Station.
VULCANIZING AND ACCESSORIES
USED TIRES AND TUBES
521 Main St. West

The only Drug Store in the City

Open All Night for Prescription Service
B. O. HEATH
Opp. N. Y. C. Station
Full Line of Photo Supplies

A. S. RICHARDS

Dealer in Tires and Tubes
also, Tires and Tube Repairing
Free Air Station.

399 Central Ave. between St. Paul and Clinton

Home Phone 867 Bell Phone 2550

W. H. Baker
Rug Weaving and Carpet Cleaning
609 Oak Street

Carpet and Rug Cleaning

Oriental and Domestic Rug Washing
Feather Renovation
Carpets and Rugs Cleaned by the
Spencer Vacuum System.

Gray Carpet Cleaning Works
17 Mt. Hope Avenue
Stone 3867 Main 2355

J. C. FESS

Manufacturer of Willow Furniture and Baskets
Agency for
"Universal" Phonographs
Bell Phone
484 W. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

GREAT MEN FOND OF SLEEP

Not Every One Who Has Done Brilliant Work Has Cared Little for Slumber.

It may be some comfort for light sleepers and those who require many hours of sleep to properly refresh themselves to know that they "are not the only ones." All great men didn't emulate the weasel in their sleeping habits.

Indeed, some of the most brilliant men, instead of ceasing three or four hours a night's sleep, were able to work only two or three hours out of twenty-four.

Darwin, for all his prodigious output of creative work, was able to be at his desk only two or three hours each day. Spencer worked only four hours out of the twenty-four.

And the famous philosopher, Descartes as well as the big-brained Doctor Johnson, used frequently to lie abed until two or three in the afternoon.

Perhaps the champion of all long-distance sleepers, however—excluding Hindoo fakirs, buried alive for months, and other trance subjects—was Melvire, the French mathematician. Melvire, during his old age, used to sleep 30 hours a day, leaving only four hours for science—and everything else.—Dr. Edwin F. Bowers in "Sleeping for Health."

NO NEED FOR EARLY DEATH

Full Life May Be Assured to Thousands Who Would Take Trouble to Earn It.

The death rate among males in this country is twice as great at forty as it is at twenty, according to The Nation's Business. This means that 50 per cent of the vital resistance is gone at that early age, an age when a man is supposed to be at the height of his power, an age when his vitality should be at least equal to that of a man of twenty. Why isn't it? Infections, poisons, mental strain, physical inactivity, too much food, too little food, badly balanced diet—a long list of causes, most of them traceable to the widespread and fallacious notion that a man can have health without working for it. No man need accept the physical limitations which apparently doom so many to hit the downhill trail almost before they have come to the age that should endow them with the fullest physical and mental power. Right living and right remedial measures checked up and kept right by means of periodic examinations, form a combination that would insure a full life to thousands who have long since given up hope of such a thing.

We Agree.

The teacher of the fourth grade decided to teach her children how to use some collective nouns correctly though none of them knew collective nouns from turnip tops. Accordingly when John T. said a "pair of horses" she smilingly substituted "a team of horses."

He took the correction and a little later said, "A team of girls." The teacher shook her head. "No, no, John," she purred. "Not a team but a bary of girls."

For a little while John just stared at her. Then he asked soberly, "Say Miss T.—what's the matter with that word 'two' anyway?"

Live and Dead Lumber.

A report issued by the forest products laboratory states that if sound dead trees are sawn into lumber and the weathered or charred outside cut away, such lumber cannot be distinguished by any known test from that cut from live trees. Most of the wood in a live tree is actually dead, and the specification for lumber should therefore be framed to provide for a maximum amount of decay or insect infestation, and the provision of a clause specifying live timber is unnecessary.

What the Band Meant to Marie.

In a New York household is a maid, newly arrived from Hungary, who has tragic memories of the war. She is the sole survivor of her family. A few days ago there was a neighborhood celebration near her new home, one of the features being a small parade. When the band marched past and struck up a military air Marie sprang to the window. Like a flash she was back, exclaiming one of the very first English words she knows: "War! War!"

Pigeon Very Much Alive.

One day I found a poor, frozen pigeon, whom I thought to be dying. I took it to our office, without letting the boss know, and fed it and gave it water. Then I went out with a few bills, and imagine my embarrassment when I came back to find that the pigeon, I was positive could not live, flying around the office and the whole office force, excluding the boss, laughing.—Exchange.

Hammock Time.

"Well," remarked the cheerful citizen, "spring is in the air."
"Don't I know it?" replied the father of an attractive daughter. "My front veranda will soon be an 'occupied zone,' and if I want to enjoy a comfortable open air smoke in the evenings I'll have to sit on the back porch."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

ASSORTED QUIPS

Criticism is not fault-finding.

Success is not spelled with S.

Ideals are better than idols.

Altruism is one of the best of ideas.

Character is a portrait of the soul.

Be sure you're right, then stay right there.

A joke is not always a joke when it is on you.

Ten drinks of water do not make one drunk.

Teetotalism keeps secrets if it does nothing else.

To borrow is human; to forget about it is more so.

Many a toothless person indulges in biting sarcasm.

Even beauty cannot palliate eccentricity.—Balzac.

The man whose only thought is for himself has little use for brains.

Some men find it easier to acquire a reputation than to earn a living.

Courage may be largely callousness; but that kind is valuable, too.

It's better to be brought up on a bottle than to be brought down by one.

Most of the backbiting is harmless, because the people who hear it don't care.

Why cats sing so well: Because they have swallowed so many song birds.

A small boy's idea of greatness is to be able to flick another boy a size larger.

There is organization for everything except to make Uncle Sam save money.

Bible characters are easy to understand. They were about as human as we are.

Most people do what makes them happiest in this world, regardless of the next.

If it's uncomfortable, it's stylish. Who says Satan hasn't a finger in the fashions?